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Glamorous Adventuress Again—Marlene Dietrich

The Flame of New Orleans, the new Universal Picture at the Leicester Square Theatre, gives Marlene Dietrich full scope to use her charm as fictitious European Countess Claire Ledoux who comes to New Orleans, receives a proposal from Charles Giraud, the town's richest bachelor, but is in her turn fascinated by tough riverboat skipper Robert Latour. Recognised by Zolotov, a Russian who has met her before as a lady of doubtful morals, Claire invents a supposed "double" upon whom she blames her previous lapses. In the church, about to be married to Giraud, realising she cannot go through with the wedding, she "faints," and in the ensuing hubbub is abducted by Latour in his ship. Seen floating from the porthole is an exquisite wedding dress. Marlene Dietrich whom we last saw as a siren of the South Seas in *Seven Sinners*, is supported in the cast by Bruce Cabot as Robert Latour and Roland Young as Charles Giraud



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

An American Pick-me-up

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S decision to undertake the protection of Iceland's independence, and to establish American air and naval bases there is a direct and valuable aid to Britain in waging the Battle of the Atlantic. It came last week as good news and a tonic for British people who were hardly able to conceal some disappointment that American interest in the war had seemed to flag since Germany attacked Russia and thereby automatically placed the Soviet Union as an honoured partner in the Allied camp.

We are told by correspondents from Washington that the Americans have sent a very large force, including large numbers of aircraft. Iceland was worried on that score, fearing an air-borne invasion, though a few measurements on the map show that, in fact, Iceland could be invaded by Germany only with seaborne armies. But those aircraft patrolling the far North Atlantic will increase Admiral Raeder's difficulties in getting his surface ships out to raid convoys on the vital Anglo-American lines of communication.

This large American force in Iceland is to be supplied and provisioned from home. Indeed, the resources of this island republic, whose total population is little more than 120,000, could in no way support armed formations which may well approximate to that figure. It will be for the United States Navy to patrol the lanes along which these supplies will be carried. Those lanes will be open to shipping destined for Britain also. The relief to the Royal Navy will be very great.

Action Better Than Debate

TO those of us who, not unnaturally feel that this moment, when Germany is fiercely engaged in Eastern Europe, would be most appropriate for America's full entry into the war the first reception of Mr. Roosevelt's far-sighted action has been distinctly encouraging. Experienced observers on the spot report that there has been no more than routine criticism from professional Isolationists. Had the President, instead of acting, requested prior authority from Congress, the resultant debates would have gone on all summer.

The Icelanders will welcome that the forces detailed by the United States have been specially picked for their high sense of discipline. It is no easy matter to avoid friction between the foreign military and the native population when the "invading" males are on a scale of one to every female in the land of all ages. Difficulties resulting from this situation have undoubtedly arisen during the past fourteen months and have led, it is said, to a certain growth of pro-German feeling in the island.

Latterly the British authorities have been employing only picked troops for this occupation and, to judge by the very friendly attitude of leading Icelandic journalists who have just been on a tour of Britain, much better relations have now been restored. In passing it may be interesting to know and to note that the original approach to the Icelandic Government leading to the latest development came from Britain, our Minister, Mr. Charles Howard Smith, reporting that the British Forces were

now required for employment elsewhere. Thus America, for the first time in this war, takes over from Britain in an important sector of the front line.

Character, Purpose, Tenacity

IN the United States, by common consent, President Roosevelt's physical disability is recognised but rarely mentioned. Yet it must have had a tremendous influence on his outlook, character, and on his tenacity of purpose. He suffers from the aftermath of infantile paralysis, which struck him down in his prime. But this did not stop him pursuing his political career; it may have spurred him on. He was in his fortieth year when it happened. In surveying this period of President Roosevelt's life, one naturally recalls the successful struggle against infirmity made by the late Philip Snowden in establishing his claim to fame as Britain's tight-lipped Chancellor of the Exchequer. As Foreign Secretary, the late Marquis Curzon lived in long pain due to spinal trouble.

Before he was taken ill President Roosevelt—as one of President Wilson's young and promising Ministers—stumped the United States urging Americans to support the League of Nations. As Assistant Navy Minister, Roosevelt had toured Europe during the war and attended the Peace Conference in Paris. He thus got to know quite a lot about Europe and European statesmen. By travelling through his own country he also got a closer insight into the reactions of Americans than most politicians. For none can doubt that his political touch is sometimes uncanny. What annoys President Roosevelt's opponents most is his reserves of gaiety which always lurk near the surface even in the gravest moments. This quality—or outlet—has frequently given rise to the charge of irresponsibility. But events have shown President Roosevelt to be the astutest of American politicians.

Not very long ago a British visitor was ushered into the White House. He found the President in his office, sitting in his self-propelling wheelchair behind his desk. The visitor was made to feel at home. There were no formalities. The President called for a cocktail shaker and as he mixed a martini and shook it vigorously he said to his visitor: "The trouble with you British is that you don't dramatise yourselves sufficiently. You must dramatise yourselves and then ask for ten times more than you really want. That's the way to get what you want."

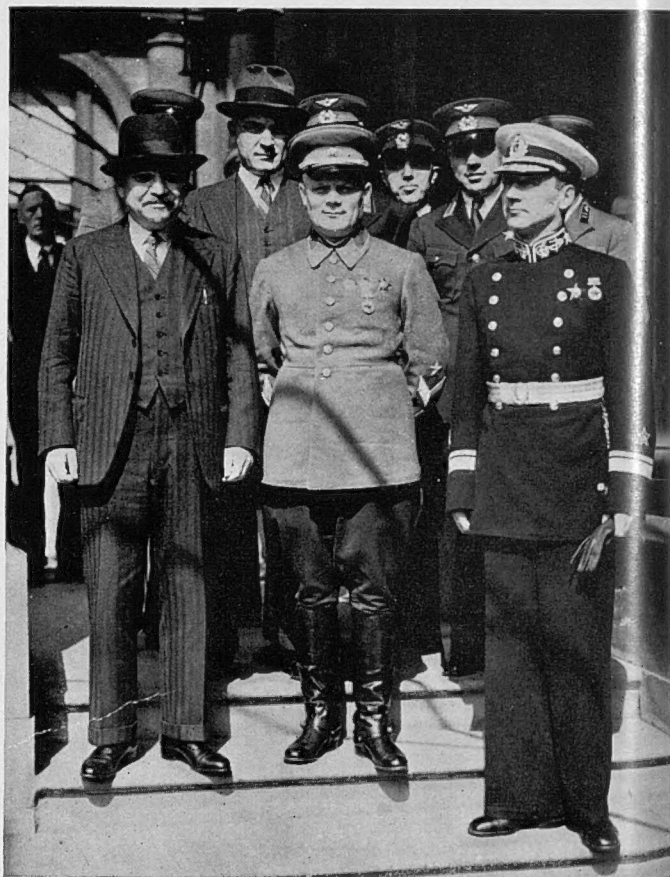
American occupation of Iceland is one of President Roosevelt's biggest decisions.

President Roosevelt's Limitations

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is one of a trio of important men influencing policy in the United States today. Undoubtedly he occupies first place, but it is arguable whether Cordell Hull or Wendell Willkie take next place. When in his first term of office, President Roosevelt was concerned mainly with home problems it was Cordell Hull who saw the danger of Nazi Germany. He warned the President that America would have to resist the Nazis, probably fight them. This old Tennessee lawyer, with his soft voice and poker face has steel-hardened principles for which he will always fight. But he also has a sense of finesse in diplomacy which is not clearly recognised sometimes.

Wendell Willkie, in contrast, appears to be of the new school of American politician. He is one of the few men who have fought for the American Presidency whose influence has not only remained but has actually grown in the months succeeding his unsuccessful campaign. Wendell Willkie has considerable influence in Washington these days. By radio speeches and newspaper articles he gives the President a lead almost every week. He makes it clear that Roosevelt is not going fast enough for him in giving practical aid to Britain. In Washington they tell the story that Willkie went so far a few days ago to warn President Roosevelt that if he didn't speed up aid for Britain he would launch a large-scale political offensive against him.

But Roosevelt knows his Willkie and likes him. He also uses him. Because President Roosevelt is such an astute politician he uses all men of goodwill. They say the things he would like to say himself and cannot. That is why Colonel Knox, the U.S. Navy Minister,



Russian Services Mission in London

M. Maisky, the Russian Ambassador, welcomed Lt.-Gen. Golikov, Deputy Chief of the General Staff, leader of the Soviet Services Mission, and Rear-Admiral Kharlamov, Deputy Chief of the Naval General Staff, on their arrival in this country. They have come to confer with the British General Staff, exchange information, and give advice on some new methods of warfare with which they have already experimented



Norwegian Prince at Luncheon

At a luncheon given at the Forum Club in honour of Norway, Crown Prince Olaf was the guest of honour, and sat beside Lady Allardyce, chairman of the executive committee of the club, and widow of Sir William Allardyce, a former Governor of Newfoundland. He spoke of the many Norwegians who had escaped to this country and said that ninety per cent of the Norwegian Air Force were now working with the Allies



"These Names Make News"

Sir Gerald Campbell, Director-General of British Information Services in the United States, arrived recently in London. His first mission was to consult with his chief, Mr. Duff Cooper, at the Ministry of Information. They discussed plans for the improvement of the news distribution to America. Sir Gerald who was British Minister in Washington was released on Lord Halifax's suggestion, to take charge of British publicity in the States

seems sometimes to be far ahead of the President. The same with Colonel Stimson, the War Minister. But there is no disagreement between them and the President.

Constructive Diplomacy

It was a happy inspiration which led Mr. Eden to take the initiative in bringing Poland and Russia together at this juncture. This is good war-time diplomacy, and seems to be bearing better fruits than the similar valiant endeavours by the British Foreign Secretary to effect a common policy in the Balkans.

General Sikorski, the Polish Premier and Commander-in-Chief, has naturally been faced with some awkward political problems since Germany's attack on Russia. During the eighteen years or so of Poland's regained status as an independent State she lay as a buffer between Germany and Russia. Her population was necessarily divided between those who most feared Germany and those who dreaded Russia. The new clash of armies sweeping across the territories which she won from Russia by the sword in 1920 has revived these controversies within Poland, as represented by the Sikorski Government.

So far as can be judged Stalin's Government has showed a statesmanlike attitude in the negotiations. General Sikorski, too, has shown that he has keen political sense. Though in earlier public speeches he has insisted that Poland can admit of no compromise on ultimate restoration of all her 1939 frontiers, he is now content to leave this thorny question to the next peace conference.

Japan Hesitates

MR. SHIGIMETSU will be back in Tokio in a few days with first-hand accounts of his ambassadorship in London. If ambassadors had any influence on policy in Axis-minded countries, Mr. Shigimetsu would counsel his Government to move cautiously. Before leaving London the ambassador had an hour's talk with Mr. Churchill; at least he was with Mr. Churchill for an hour, for the Prime Minister did all the talking. He told Mr. Shigimetsu, in no uncertain terms, that Britain will never submit to Hitler. It is a fight to the very end. Mr. Shigimetsu is suspect among some of the politicians in his country because first, he is a

diplomat of the old school, and second, he is regarded as too pro-British. For both these reasons he may not return to London. If he does, it will be because Mr. Matsuoka has not given up hopes of doing a deal outside the Axis.

Little Matsuoka's personal policy of appeasement has much political justification, for his country is wearied by the four years' China war, and short of some essential commodities such as rice, coal and charcoal. These considerations it can be assumed, were fully discussed at the Imperial Conference in Tokio, at which the Emperor presided. So badly in need of commodities is Japan that she might be tempted to compel the Vichy Government to give her concessions in Indo-China on the basis of Axis co-operation. In the true Axis way Japan has two army divisions to the north of Indo-China to enforce her demands.

The Smiling Ambassador

IVAN MAISKY, Russia's Ambassador in London, has suddenly achieved great popularity. But he has never been out of favour, for he has consummate skill in handling difficult situations. He has smiled his way through many difficult years; smiled on the rich, smiled on our neo-Communists, and smiled on the proletariat. Nobody has ever known the meaning behind the smiles. He used to shower them on Count Dino Grandi at the meetings of the Spanish Non-Intervention Committee.

M. Maisky was sent to London by M. Litvinoff, when he was Commissar for Foreign Affairs, and that can be regarded as the only clue to the ambassador's personal views. Litvinoff was a believer in collective security, and went so far in February, 1939, when the Rumanian Government of that time appealed for British protection against Nazi demands, to propose an eight-point programme for organising resistance in Central Europe against Hitler. The proposal came to nothing, and shortly after that Litvinoff's influence waned and he fell from power. Now he is back in the limelight, and his past experience may give him renewed power.

A Distinguished Commentator

MR. RAYMOND GRAM SWING, whose broadcasts from the United States to this country have been a most popular and instructive

feature of the B.B.C. programme on Saturday evenings, has gone on working hard throughout his short visit to England. During a seventeen days' trip he undertook to deliver fourteen broadcasts. He never spends less than five to six hours, and sometimes more, on the preparation of each talk. But being an indefatigable worker he has managed, in addition, to see almost everybody in London who matters.

During the last war Mr. Gram Swing was the correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News* in the Far East and then in Berlin. When he had to leave the German capital he conveyed a German peace offer to Britain but found that the Foreign Secretary would not even listen to its terms. After the war he spent ten years in London working for the *Wall Street Journal*.

He Married Miss Gram

RAYMOND SWING's wife was Miss Betty Gram and a suffragette colleague of Miss Pankhurst. More than once she paid for her enthusiastic advocacy of the right of women by short periods in British jails. When they married she insisted on keeping her own name and they travelled round Europe as Raymond Swing and Betty Gram. This ultimately proved inconvenient so she agreed to take his name if he would take hers. They have a boy and two girls all taking the double-barrelled surname.

While he has been in London Raymond Gram Swing has been able to tell us a lot about the development of American opinion, and what he has had to say has been most encouraging. He is an ardent admirer of Mr. Roosevelt, holding that *when*—not *if*—America enters the war the President will have behind him a greater majority for his foreign policy than any previous president has enjoyed; not excluding Washington or Lincoln.

He is less enthusiastic about British representation in the United States, and has no high opinion of the way American news is reported in Britain. But he has high hopes of Sir Gerald Campbell's new mission as head of British publicity in America. Incidentally, I hear rumours that Mr. Vernon Bartlett, diplomatic writer, broadcaster and M.P., may go out to New York as Sir Gerald's first lieutenant on the Press side.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

"Pimpernel Smith"

As I have never been a *Scarlet Pimpernel* fan, and as it is too late in the day to propose to become one, I was agreeably surprised to find that my interest was entirely held by *Pimpernel Smith* at the Odeon. This is good schoolboy stuff put together with considerable ingenuity. Do we believe in a Cambridge professor possessed of so much guile that he is able single-handed to extricate victims of the German Gestapo from their concentration camps? No, of course we don't. Do we believe that a Cambridge professor could be mistaken for a scarecrow? Yes, we believe that easily enough. But do we believe that anybody would be allowed by the German guards to impersonate a scarecrow? No, we don't. And do we, now that the impersonation has been successfully achieved, see how it is going to achieve the professor's object? No, we do not. And Mr. Leslie Howard, who has made this film, does not let us see it.

At this point I am reminded of the story of the newspaper serial-writer who one day failed to turn up at his newspaper office. Normally this would have presented no difficulties, since newspaper serials are such that the office boy could provide any instalment at a moment's notice. But the particular occasion presented a certain difficulty. This was that the hero had been left without means of egress in a room of steel whose walls were gradually closing in upon him. Editors, subs, compositors, proof-

readers, reporters fully-fledged and cub—all set their brains to work to discover a means of rescuing the hero from his predicament. But with so little success that the order went forth to hold up the instalment. And then the serial-writer turned up and the whole staff bent over his typewriter to see how he would deal with the situation. The serial-writer sat down and at once the typewriter rapped out: "Throwing off his coat, Percy was free in a trice." Seemingly, Mr. Howard may be imagined writing: "The scarecrow having completely deceived the Gestapo, Professor Schweinsbrot was on the instant free."

Do we believe that six Cambridge undergraduates, even though three of them happen to be Scotch, Irish, and American, are capable of pretending to be journalists representing six American newspapers? If this is credible I must revise my notions of English acting painfully acquired during forty years. Do we believe that Mr. Howard himself, even with the aid of cheek-pads, would be able to impersonate an American Arnold Bennett? Others may, but I don't, if only for the reason that I have never seen Mr. Howard successfully impersonate anybody except his inimitable self. Which is a self so inimitable that he himself has the greatest difficulty in imitating it!

To me Mr. Howard's principal handicap as an actor is his extreme self-consciousness.

He appears to be continually thinking: "Am I saying this all right? How am I looking now?" In whatever I have seen him, the shadow of a pre-occupational "What-are-they-going-to-think-of-this?" has come between me and the actor's performance. In this film Mr. Howard has the trick of continually peering over the edge of a book, with the result that I hear him saying to himself: "This is the fourth time I've done this, I wonder if they will stand for it a fifth time." The result is to destroy the thing as acting, and leave nothing but a sense of pleasure at being in contact with a delightful personality and a fine, sensitive mind. At the end of this film Mr. Howard drops the pretence of acting and speaks to the Nazis in his own person. This alone makes a visit to the Odeon worth while; it is one of the finest pieces of propaganda this country has put out.

THE principal acting success of the film seems to me to belong to Mr. Francis Sullivan, who plays the Nazi commandant with considerable subtlety and enormous humour. Seldom, if ever, can German humourlessness have been so wittily portrayed. There is an admirable sequence in which this clever actor reads passages from the English comic writers. Since the commandant is to be the Gauleiter for London it is obviously his duty to familiarise himself with the English notion of humour. "Twas brillig and the slithy toves (pronounced toveys) did gyre and gimble in the wabe (pronounced varby, in the German manner)." Mr. Sullivan's baffled expression here is only equalled by the look on his face when Mr. Howard asks him whether the English have not made a capital job of translating the great German dramatist Shakespeare? The film has another excellent performance. This is by Mr. Raymond Huntley, known on the stage for his studies of dejection; he would be my first choice in any team of Victims v. Oppressors. On the screen Mr. Huntley has executed a complete volte-face; he is the best representative of the Nazi snake with or without any grass. Altogether *Pimpernel Smith* is a film to which every schoolboy should take his parents.



A Good Gangster Film—"East of the River"

Teresa Lorenzo (Marjorie Rambeau), or Mama Ravioli as she is known to the customers of her New York Italian restaurant, and her voluble head waiter Tony (George Tobias) welcome the return of her son, Joe (John Garfield), lately released from prison, and his girl, Laurie Romaine (Brenda Marshall). Laurie is tough, but remained faithful to Joe during his imprisonment, conniving with him to forge cheques to enable him to keep his adopted brother, Nick, at school. Mama Ravioli is a large-hearted soul; accepts Laurie as Joe's fiancée and treats her like a daughter

As I entered the Warner Theatre the screen announced that the cinema organ would illustrate the difference between American and British characteristics by means of typical American and British tunes. The American examples chosen included Gershwin and Duke Ellington, which was O.K. by me. After which we were offered as a typical British melody the overture known as "Fingal's Cave." I have only to say that whoever regards Mendelssohn as a British composer must be made of solid ivory from the neck up. Which, however, does not prevent *East of the River* from being an extremely exciting gangster film, with a quite first-class performance by Miss Marjorie Rambeau. For once in a way these gangsters are shown as common unimportant little people, living from hand to mouth and in perpetual fear not only of the cops but of each other. Most films of this kind show the life as studded with rewards so dazzling as to make the riches worth while. This film shows a job as a waiter in a cheap Italian joint to be a dream of fascination compared with a career more nerve-wracked and precarious than that of a hunted animal.

By a slip of the pen Raymond Huntley was described as Huntley Wright under a photograph on page 41 in our issue of July 9th.



Anthony

"She's Too Good You Know, She Ought to be in a Circus."

Coward's Blithe Spirits

The final scene of Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit*. The ghost wives, Elvira and Ruth, both heartily tired of their sojourn on earth, longing to return to the other side, watch with bored amusement the antics of the medium, who tries her hardest, though in all ignorance of the means, to de-materialise them. Herein she is encouraged to try every possibility by the husband, who, in spite of a mourning band on each arm of his velvet smoking jacket, is only too anxious to be rid of them and regain his freedom. Margaret Rutherford as the medium works overtime, with deep breathing, songs, gestures, etc., to oblige Mr. Condoman (Cecil Parker) with the disappearance of his spirit wives (Kay Hammond and Fay Compton), who gaze sceptically at the performance from the grand piano

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Blithe Spirit (Piccadilly)

MR. NOEL COWARD calls his new play "An Improbable Farce," which is a bit of pleonasm, for are not all farces, in their very nature, improbable? "Supernatural" would have been a happier word, since *Blithe Spirit* skylarks with the occult, extracting its humours from the materialisation of a dead wife, perceptible only by her living husband. Fearless of the elementary, it gives us all the high jinks of invisibility, so that when Miss Kay Hammond, a beautiful sea-green vision moving hither and thither, mischievously takes up a sofa cushion, it seems, to all but Mr. Cecil Parker, to be levitating itself, Commotion! And when, being also audible only to her first husband, he answers her questions, his second wife, Miss Fay Compton, assumes that he is talking to her and, the equivoque being carefully dovetailed, takes umbrage at the replies she thinks she is getting. Ariel, you may remember, gave us an early taste of this, but less elaborately.

HAVING materialised his spirit, Mr. Coward sets her

playing the poltergeist, for she is jealous of wife number two, and if only she can bump her husband off, he will then pass over and share with her the realms she matelessly inhabits. To this end she prepares a nice little car accident, guaranteed to prove fatal. But, unexpectedly, it is wife number two who drives off in the car and who, as a consequence, at the end of the second act, passes over.

diverting us with a burlesque of what does happen when attempts to accomplish the supernatural are on foot.

MISS RUTHERFORD is not one of your pale, anæmic dabblers in the psychic, but a thoroughly hearty, bicycling *bon viveuse*, breathing deep and singing lustily and skipping about with triumph when she brings off a coup. To see her Madam Arcati get up from an easy chair is a lesson in eccentric observation. To hear her tra-la-la-ing in the hour of victory is to assist at a comic inspiration of the first order. She has immeasurably the best part in the piece—the only part in which the humour emerges freshly from the character. The other people in the play deliver themselves, of course, of many amusing remarks and happy adjectives, but these are just Mr.

Sketches by
Anna Zinkeisen



Madam Arcati, the medium (Margaret Rutherford), does her incantations while Charles and Ruth Condoman (Cecil Parker and Fay Compton) with their guests, Dr. and Mrs. Bradman (Martin Lewis and Moya Nugent) sceptically await the result. (On right) Elvira, the first Mrs. Condoman (Kay Hammond), dead some seven years, materialises as a result of the séance, but is only visible to her husband



Edith (Ruth Reeves), a youthful maid, always proceeding at the double, drops her tray when the first Mrs. Condoman (invisible to her) turns on the gramophone

Which event is signalled by the invisible pulling of Miss Hammond's hair and other discomforts calculated to bring down a curtain with some effect.

The third act reveals Mr. Parker with a mourning band on each arm and two spirits dogging his heels—for now Miss Fay Compton has turned a beautiful sea-green too. How he gets rid of them, but how, in spite of this, doors start swinging, curtains dropping, and pictures crashing, is the business of the last half-hour—a repetition of effects.

Most of the effects in this play are repeated and many of the scenes could advantageously be cut down by half. But none of the scenes in which Miss Margaret Rutherford appears, for Miss Rutherford's performance is a treat, and it is here that Mr. Coward is himself at his best, not endeavouring to divert us with a burlesque of what might happen if the supernatural were accomplished, but succeeding in

Coward all over again and could all have been uttered by him. Not so the remarks of Madam Arcati, who is new and true and fresh and absurd and who clearly relieved Mr. Coward of the business of putting words into her mouth by putting words into his pen.

AND now—what about it? Well, this play has amusing passages and might, if it were a first play, be accounted full of promise. I should be inclined to call it quite good Q. But for a play by a writer of Mr. Coward's fame, it is a long way off a bull's-eye—and what is Mr. Coward for if not for bull's-eyes? After being away from us for so long, one did expect him to come back with something more impressive than this rather trifling little essay in hi-cockalorum, with comic maidservant *obligato*. But there is one good thing in it and that one good thing is very good indeed.

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Two and a Camera

Lady Sondes
and Her Son
at Home
in Kent

Photographs by
Marcus Adams



The Countess Sondes with Henry



Viscount Throwley

Viscount Throwley looked out of the window while being photographed with his charming mother at their home, Lees Court, Faversham, Kent. His father, George Milles-Lade, succeeded his cousin as fourth Earl Sondes last January. Lady Sondes, before her marriage, was Pamela McDougall, second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Herbert McDougall, of Cawston Manor, Norfolk, and Mrs. McDougall, of Provender, Faversham, and was married in 1939. Her son, who was born in 1940, was christened in a sixteenth-century family robe at Seal Church, Sevenoaks, and received the names of Henry George Herbert

Social Round-about

(Continued)

daughter, Mrs. Earl, is chairman, and the idea is to make it easy for the many foreigners living here at present to help this country. Many offers of help are refused on account of nationality, so that much talent and training have so far been wasted. But there are many organisations, particularly those dependent on voluntary work, badly in need of help. The League puts its members in touch with these bodies.

Among those who have joined are doctors, dentists, lawyers, scientists, chemists, masseuses, psychologists, artists, musicians, writers, etc., who, through the League, have an outlet for their talents or an opportunity to demonstrate them publicly.

Ball

THE original plan for an Elizabethan Water Fête to be held at Marlow in aid of the South London Hospital for Women has been moderated into a dinner-dance on Saturday, July 26th, for which the tickets will cost £1 10s.

Misses Valerie Hobson, Inga Andersen and Gabrielle Brune have all promised to appear, also Jack and Daphne Barker, Sergeant Max Bradley, the Army baritone, and Jack Jackson with his band. A silk afternoon dress will be auctioned by Valerie Hobson, and a model hat by Miss Margaret Vyner.

It is all to take place at the Compleat Angler, and tickets can be had direct from there, or from the secretary of the hospital, or its chairman, the Hon. Mrs. Murray, Highfield House, Hemel Hempstead; from Lady Priscilla Aird or Miss Green-Wilkinson in Windsor; or the May Fair Hotel in London.

In Oxford

OXFORD still manages to arrange a few summer delights, and the river looked unmechanised and leisurely from the open windows of Magdalen, at the opening of

Oxford's very successful exhibition of paintings of the Euston Road group. Red and white wines from the famous Magdalen cellar were the basis on which Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark entertained at lunch the members of the group.

Rodrigo Moynihan, a private in the Signals, has sold brilliant war pictures for the National Gallery's permanent exhibition. William Coldstream has painted his way from the ranks to the appropriate post of Camouflage Officer. Old Harrovian Victor Pasmore brought his beautiful Irish wife, Wendy, whose ash-blonde beauty made her the loveliest model in London. Claude Rogers, whose portrait of Mrs. Richard Chilver was seized on by *The Times* as one of the Royal Academy's best pictures, was there.

Duncan Grant and Vanessa Bell, who used to give so much encouragement to the Euston Road school, with Clive Bell, and his daughter, Angelica, are all painting energetically at their Sussex house, Charleston.

Home from Abroad

HERE on a literally flying visit is Sir Lennox O'Reilly, whose wife is the most popular hostess in Trinidad. His daughter, Patricia, married a well-known Italian diplomat, Signor Cicone, when Italy's neutrality seemed assured, and has now to endure a sad separation from her husband.

Also in London was Gavrelle Hobhouse, whose husband, Christopher, was the brilliant young barrister-journalist who was killed in action last year; also Leigh Ashton, who knows more about Chinese art, sculpture and ceramics than the multitude of his pastors and masters at Winchester and Balliol, and who arranged the Chinese Exhibition in 1936.

Another expert on China, now back here from that country, is Harold Acton, who has just published a book called *Peonies and Ponties*.

Independence Day

A FAIR amount of notice of this occasion was taken in London this year. There

were parties at the American Eagle Club and at the Overseas League, where members of the Eagle Squadron were entertained, and where the guests included Air Commodore Lord Willoughby de Broke, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Sandys, Lady Kemsley, officers from Canada House, representatives of the American Ambulance, Great Britain, the W.A.A.F., many Air Force officers from the Dominions, and, of course, the energetic members of the Welcome Committee.

At the Ritz every table in the restaurant was decorated with red, white and blue flowers, and the flags of Great Britain and the United States. Miss Claire Luce, lunching there, was later appearing at the Eagle Club. She takes a great interest in Southwark, where her Shrew is drawing people over the river, and is adored by all the children down there, many of them blitz orphans, one of whom she plans to adopt.

A charming American about to leave London is Mrs. Scanlon, whose husband, General Mike Scanlon, went back some time ago. He is not returning, and so she is off to join him.

Town and Country Weddings

CAPTAIN J. D. WIGAN, Coldstream Guards, and Miss Anne Christian were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. The bride did not allow the war to do her out of the nice white wedding most girls like to treasure in the bottom drawers of their memory, and wore a spreading white dress with a train, long veil topped with stephanotis, and a bouquet of orchids and stephanotis.

In the country, at Dorking, Captain J. E. G. Wormald, 12th Lancers, married Miss Ruth Hunt, who was another traditional bride, in a cream-coloured picture dress, and her grandmother's Limerick lace veil, with orange blossom, and had two bridesmaids, her own sister and the bridegroom's, dressed in cream-coloured net with blue sashes.

The bridegroom comes from the lovely village of North Cadbury, in Somerset.



A Wedding at Oxford: Lieut. John Stucley and Señorita Natalia Jiménez Married in New College Chapel

Lieut. John H. A. Stucley, R.N., younger son of Sir Hugh Stucley, Bt., and Lady Stucley, of Affeton Castle, Devon, was married in New College Chapel, Oxford, to Señorita Natalia Jiménez, daughter of Don Alberto Jiménez, and Doña Natalia Cossio de Jiménez, of 2, Wellington Place, Oxford

A family group taken before the wedding consisted of the Hon. Mrs. Dennis Stucley, Lord Poltimore's daughter, her husband, Major D. F. B. Stucley, who was best man to his brother, Lady Stucley, her son the bridegroom, his sister, Miss Betty Stucley, Count Zygmunt Zamoycki, the page, his mother, Countess Zamoyka, and Mr. Bernard Stucley. The wedding reception was held in the College Cloisters, after which the bride and bridegroom left to spend their honeymoon in Devonshire

Comedy, Drama, Farce

Three New Films from Hollywood



"Rage in Heaven"

Robert Montgomery plays Phillip Monrell, rich mill-owner who married Stella Bergen, played by Ingrid Bergman in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film "Rage in Heaven," which opened at the Empire on Friday. The story of Phillip's growing insanity and jealousy of his former college friend, Ward Andrews (George Sanders), who is in love with Mrs. Monrell, ends with Phillip's suicide under suspicious circumstances. Robert Montgomery returned to films after driving for the American Field Service in France

A false moustache and glasses successfully camouflage Robert Cummings when he does some amateur sleuthing as Joe, Miss Jones' young man, in "The Devil and Miss Jones," the new R.K.O. picture which opened at the Haymarket on July 13th. On the right Jean Arthur, starring in this film as Miss Jones, is shown in an amusing scene with Merrick (Charles Coburn), millionaire owner of the store where Joe and Mary are employed. He goes in disguise to see for himself the conditions in which they work, is involved in some trouble in Coney Island and, finally, is instrumental in helping them to get married



"The Devil and Miss Jones": Robert Cummings, Charles Coburn, Jean Arthur



"Penny Serenade"

Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are together again in the Columbia production "Penny Serenade," at the Regal this week, as Julie and Roger Adams, on the brink of a divorce, which is prevented just in time. The film is a cast-back over the married life of a casual, irresponsible couple who started their romance in a music shop to the tune of "Penny Serenade." Here they are seen bringing home their adopted daughter, Trina, from an orphanage

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

INGENIOUS, we thought that B.B.C. foreign broadcaster's little variation on a Beethoven theme the other night. He pointed out that every time the German soldier in Nazi-occupied countries hears—as he does increasingly—the familiar massive four-note opening of the Fifth Symphony played or hummed, he hears "V" in Morse—"short-short-short-long." The ominous significance to the German soldiery of the letter "V," cropping up in a hundred forms in the enslaved lands, despite the Gestapo, needs no embroidery.

Up to now the more whimsy music critics have been apt to refer to this theme as "Fate-knocking-at-the-door," which is said to be Beethoven's own crack, and means nothing whatsoever. Henceforth it might more sensibly be called the "V" theme, ranking as concrete symbolism not far behind Chopin's "Revolutionary" Prelude, which is the voice of Poland in arms against the brute invader in every age, Turk, Tsarist, Boche and Bolshevik alike.

And if the music critics had the imagination of a spavined owl in pincenez, they'd long since have proclaimed that the glorious trumpet-call opening of Elgar's No. 2 ("Spirit of Delight") Symphony represents, in its sweep and majesty, the unsheathing of a great sword for Christendom like Joyeuse, the Sword of Charlemagne in the *Song of Roland* (which you fellows probably know by heart, and we wish we did).

Reprieve

HOWEVER, one must be patient with the music critic boys, who have weak eyes and, after undertaking such imaginative flights as describing the opening of a hackneyed Rachmaninoff piece as somebody knocking at the lid of his coffin, or a hackneyed Beethoven piece as "the Moonlight Sonata"—probably because it has nothing to do with moonlight—are content to call it a day. Is Francis Toye in the house? We don't mean you, sir, we mean the small undernourished ones.

Kiss

MOST of the military experts, even in the Sunday papers, have now given up dragging Napoleon into the present Nazi-Soviet clash, which is just as well, the winter campaign of 1812 having little or nothing in common with the summer campaign of 1941. Not even morally, for, as our late regretted colleague A. G. Macdonell so admirably said, the principal Russian recruiting-sergeant in 1812 was Our Lady of Kazan.

Apart from comparisons, authentic 1812 memoirs on either side make absorbing reading at the moment, or at any time, especially those of ordinary soldiers like Captain Coignet and Sergeant Bourgogne—incidentally one of the few rankers who told



MAURICE M'CLOUGHLIN

"—and here is a wartime recipe for curds and whey"

the truth afterwards. It was the habit of less scrupulous old sweats on both sides of the Channel to drop into some dingy bow-sing-ken in Chelsea or Clichy where they were bound to find lurking some thin, shabby, anxious, rednosed literary gent (as it might be us) who would gladly take down a few personal reminiscences for the price of a pint or two. These scribblings he then worked up and sold to a publisher, and as there was no booksy racket at the period and no Book-of-the-Month Club the literary gent made very little out of it, poor sweet; not that he'd make much to-day, at that.

The test is generally on page 58. If the author is discovered defeating 25 Cossacks, French cuirassiers, Spanish guerillas, or British dragoons with a sabre single-handed in a blizzard, and being kissed by the Big Bezuzus in person—oh, yes, Wellington kissed 'em, too—next day, don't believe a word of it; it's just a *Daily So-and-So* story.

Fall

IT seems possible, alas, that the key to the sudden mystery of P. G. Wodehouse, whose recent bland performances before the Berlin microphone have given his myriad fans a shock, was contained in that regretful letter to the *Daily Telegraph* from one of his friends who pointed out that all through his life—including the last war period, which he spent very profitably in America—Maestro Wodehouse, a kindly genius, has chosen the comfortable way.

Still, it's a big shock, even to old-crusties like us, who take no painfully exalted view of human nature ("Ape and tiger," we once growled to the Vicar's wife, "ape and tiger." "But poor Mr. Chowpe is a simply perfect Vicar's Warden," she said, alarmed. "Ape and tiger," we snarled), but consider it, of itself, and at times, like the Prophet Habakkuk, *capable de tout*. What strikes us most forcibly about this affair was the decent reluctance of everybody to condemn Wodehouse without good evidence, compared with that tempest of hysterical slander and abuse for which the Government should one day make a formal national apology to a gallant King and a loyal gentleman.

(Concluded on page 86)



SILENUS

"I want an unsafe razor for my husband"

This is the Life!

Sandra Storm in Sussex,
From Hollywood to Haymaking

Sandra Storm returned to England after fulfilling contracts in Hollywood; made films here, and acted in some light stage comedies. She then decided to do a strenuous job of war work on the land. In private life Sandra Storm is Mrs. Jack Dunfee. They own the perfectly lovely farm, shown in these pictures, converted from an old coach house, near Seaford in Sussex. Sandra Storm's day is a busy one; she gets up at six each morning; milks the cows twice a day, takes the milk to the dairy; goes shopping on her bicycle, buys and sells livestock in the market; feeds the pigs, collects the swill, and generally works hard from dawn to dusk. The tiny calf (bottom right) seems afraid his turn to go to market has come!



Sandra Storm outside her Farm House
in Sussex



Milking



Haymaking

Standing By...

(Continued)

High

SIR ROGER KEYES and M. Emile Cammaerts, whose recent well-documented book *The Prisoner at Laeken* ought to make a few noisy cretins, booksy and other, slink away into the shadows with their ears laid back, have now finally vindicated King Leopold, and no more need be said about his case for the time being; except (added Uncle Cheeriboy laughingly, rubbing gnarled hands) that the Island Race has probably never touched such a "high" since the days of Thos. Cromwell ("Item, the Abbot of Glaston to be tried at Glaston, and executed there") and Slogger Titus Oates, of glorious memory.

Sanctions

IT would have embarrassed everybody frightfully—we'd hardly have known personally where to look—if the *Observer* had been asked to bend over, please, and have its opulent Sunday pants warmed, in

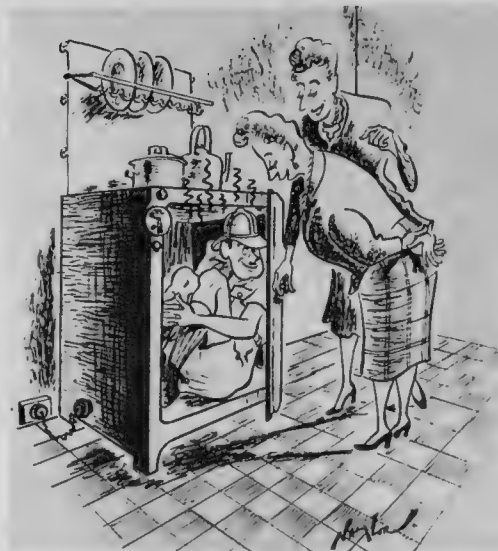
a dignified manner, by the House of Commons Committee for its recent breach of privilege. This discipline is rarely found necessary in Fleet Street nowadays, fortunately, even with the noisy, grubby Lower School. In the *Observer's* case an apology sufficed, as between a prefect and the Head.

A hundred years ago or so newspapers were always in trouble. Editors were constantly being called to the Bar of the House to grovel, or else fined, or slung in the cooler, like Leigh Hunt, who described the Prince Regent in the *Examiner*, quite accurately, as a corpulent libertine (the *Morning Post* drove him to it by sickening flatteries of the First Gentleman), and got two years and a £500 fine. Today every newspaper employs a squad of skilled lawyers to go through every line of the proofs as they appear, damp from the press, with a toothcomb and a magnifying-glass, and hence extremely little gets through which is actionable. Considering what a grotesque Chinese enigma the Laws of Libel in this country are, and what luscious chances they offer crooks, it's obvious that Fleet Street's legal eagles earn their salaries.

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"Nao! I don't reckon they'll try and invade England, mate. Mind yer, if we 'ad a non-invasion pact with 'em they would"



"—and here's George, home on leave from Africa"

One of these valuable officials once admitted to us over a bottle of claret in the Temple that he sometimes had awful after-dinner temptations, nobly resisted, to let a whopper through for once and watch the fun. We couldn't decide whether a B.B.C. announcer's opportunities for devilry are more enticing.

Cry

WE were wondering how long it would be before some romantic fusspot began wanting to re-start the famous iron-works of Sussex. A fusspot has duly obliged. Fortunately everything is well out of his reach, for all practical purposes, and guarded carefully moreover by fierce Sussex fairies, who bite your stomach.

Anyway it's impossible. When Sussex was the Black Country and arsenal of England—a period stretching roughly from the Romans to the mid 18th century—there were lashings of fuel at hand to feed the furnaces, namely the enormous forest called the Andredsweald, which once covered Sussex like a thick blanket, or nearly. This was jam for the carefree Sussex ironmasters, who burned up wood so gaily for hundreds of years that today very little of the Andredsweald is left, and round all those villages ending in "—hurst," meaning "deep forest"—such as Ticehurst, the forest of Tys, a Saxon fairy whose buddies were Nip, Trip, and Job—you will hardly find one really ancient tree unless you look carefully. And so the Sussex Huggetts, of whom the early 16th-century rhyme was made:

Master Huggett and his man John,
They did cast the first can-non,
are merely village blacksmiths today.

Moral

IT wasn't only extravagance in wood which finally did the Sussex iron industry in. We grieve to mention it, but, like the Bright Young People of the 1920's, the last Sussex ironworkers succumbed to gin, which at the end of the 18th century, if you recollect your Hogarth, was cheap, plentiful, and had masses of the proletariat permanently sozzled. This gin (Hollands) the men of Sussex got by the tub, or anker, from the smugglers who infested the county seaboard. Expect no romantic fantasia from us on the Sussex smugglers; they were dirty, brutish, murderous, lewd, dull, and totally uninteresting, like any other business men. D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Three Engagements



Harlip

Miss Kirsten Albrechtsen

An Anglo-Danish engagement has been announced between Miss Kirsten Albrechtsen, daughter of Herr L. Albrechtsen, of Vibsig, Denmark, and Squadron-Leader Lord Dudley, R.A.F.V.R., of Mear House, Kempsey, Worcestershire. Lord Dudley succeeded his father as thirteenth baron in 1936. He was formerly a Lieutenant in the Worcester Regiment.

Miss Diana Knox, only daughter of Mr. W. Barr Knox, of Ryfield House, Dalry, Ayrshire, and the late Mrs. Knox, is to be married on Saturday to Captain William Forbes, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of Captain and Mrs. W. S. F. Forbes, of Steuart Hall, Stirling, and nephew of the Marchioness of Aberdeen. Miss Knox is in the F.A.N.Y., and has been acting as personal driver in Scotland to General Sikorski.



Lenore

Miss Gillian Strutt

The engagement is announced between Miss Gillian Leanora Strutt, daughter of Mr. Edward Jolliffe Strutt, of the Wick, Hatfield Peverel, Essex, and Mr. Harold Anthony Nutting, younger son of Captain Sir Harold Nutting, Bt., and Lady Nutting, of Quenby Hall, Leicester. Mr. Nutting is at the Foreign Office.

Miss Diana Burrell de Ker Knox

Harlip



WHAT THE SITUATION DEMANDS



Painted by
F. C. Harrison

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| 1. WHEEL for putting shoulder to | 5. TRUMP CARD for playing |
| 2. SOCKS for pulling up | 6. BOLD FACE for putting on it |
| 3. STONE for not leaving unturned | 7. BELT for tightening |
| 4. BRASS TACKS for getting down to | 8. GUINNESS for strength |

With Silent Friends

By Richard King

Life Versus Fiction

LIFE, as a general rule, tells a far more memorable story than fiction. Fiction, it is true, puts life into a better-regulated pattern, rounds it off, and perhaps interprets certain circumstances belonging to it in a manner which explains them without actual experience being necessary for that explanation. Life, however, never funks the issue, while fiction does so almost invariably. That is why fiction may be considered among the happier forms of "dope" necessary to contentment. That kind of dope most of us make for ourselves; nevertheless, fiction is a very pleasant help in time of boredom or trouble. Hence its indisputable appeal. It is like living somebody else's life, knowing—fiction being usually what it is—that all will come peacefully right in the end, without having to shoulder the mental, moral and physical responsibilities of that existence in the meanwhile. And other people's troubles are usually quite easy to bear. Their joys, moreover, may give us a feeling of nostalgia, but we can circumvent that in our day-dreams. And fiction is very like a reflection of these day-dreams, isn't it?

We step into a whole new world, inhabited by people we never have the least trouble in getting to know, and if we don't like either, or both, we can step out again merely by hurling the offender into the farthest corner of the room and using our favourite swear-word suitable to all occasions. With life, alas! there is no stepping out. We just

have to go relentlessly on and on—hoping for the best, and few people caring two hoots if we get it or not. Nevertheless, it is just this relentlessness which makes life's stories so curious, so inexplicable often, and always so utterly engrossing; though rather frightening, all the same. For you never know what twists and turns the plot is going to take, or how you are going to snatch at happiness—that some-kind-of-happiness without which life is scarcely worth living—in the midst of all the strange medley. For, if you have the strength of purpose which can cut its way through most varieties of bewildering complications, invariably it is like nothing other than going from one room into another. There is no escape—unless, perhaps, with a net income of £1000 a year, you can retire to bed with absolutely nothing the matter with you! Even then, there is sure to be a snag.

There is a horrid fascination about a life-story which fiction cannot even approach, however admirable. The difference, I suppose, between a rose exquisitely embroidered and a rose growing in the garden.

Life Here Wins Triumphantly

I AM living at present in a charming village inhabited almost entirely by "frumps," native and evacuated. (Maybe one of them myself; for you never know, do you, how you appear to other people?) Looking at them, I wonder what their life-story can possibly be. It is so difficult to dissociate them from their air of almost

defiant frumpishness. Difficult to imagine them when young. Quite impossible to picture them as once being carried away on the tidal-wave of passion. Almost beyond mental conception indeed, to believe that once-upon-a-time they did not spend their every morning twaddling among themselves, each with a pet dog in tow, cavorting mentally between the "dear vicar" and the ration book. Yet each, I know, has a story to tell, and many might move us to pity or to laughter; probably, to tears. Life is like that.

Take, for instance, the fascinating life-story of a once-famous actress as revealed in *Hungarian Rhapsody* (Harrap; 10s. 6d.), by Bertita Harding. Maybe you saw Camille Féher de Vernet on the screen? Just a small-part actress you might consider her to be. Dull by comparison with the over-groomed glitter of the star. Yet she was once, and not so very many years ago, either, the best-known actress on the Hungarian stage. And, had you seen her on the stage of her native country you would probably have pictured her old age as one likely to be luxurious and uneventful.

Yet in this fascinating biography, here are the facts. And they are true facts, because the actress gave them to the writer herself, and the writer was astonished when, during their recital, she discovered that Camille was her own godmother, though the last war parted them apparently for ever.

Camille in England and America

MOST playgoers, even ardent ones, probably know nothing of Camille Féher de Vernet. Yet she was famous on the Continent. She came to London only once. It was to accompany her beloved brother, Anthony de Laszlo, when he came to demonstrate to Pavlova, then at the height of her sweeping London success, a new method of stage lighting. Camille herself gave a demonstration of this invention. Beerbohm Tree and Arthur Collins watched her

(Concluded on page 92)



A Mobile Canteen Presented

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Dyson Perrins, of Davenham, Malvern, have presented a mobile canteen to the Worcestershire County Council. They handed it over to the Malvern W.V.S. at Davenham. Our picture shows Mrs. C. L. Whalley, officer in charge of the canteen; Countess Beauchamp, County Organiser, the charming Danish wife of Earl Beauchamp; Mrs. C. W. Dyson Perrins and her husband



Another Tank Gift to the Army

Miss Miriam Weston, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Mr. Garfield Weston, the millionaire biscuit manufacturer, and M.P. for Macclesfield, handed over a tank, subscribed for and named after her father, to Major-General J. S. Crawford, the Director of Mechanisation. Mr. Garfield Weston opened the Speed-the-Tanks Fund with the munificent gift of £10,000

"Buy Something British"

America Took Those Words for a Seven-Day Slogan, and a Fashion Show on a New York Roof Was Part of the Week's Programme



Lady Halifax was a guest of honour at the British fashion show on the roof of the Astoria Hotel. The two girls with her are Jean Mason and Cynthia Maugham, niece of Somerset Maugham. They arrived from the London Fashions Collection tour in South America just in time to model at the New York show



Crates of clothes make a back-stage setting for Sepha Treble as she displays a cardigan suit for H. E. Maister, one of the British delegates

Brown linen bolero suit with a beige shirt was worn by Viscountess Moore, who acted as mannequin at the show

Profile views taken at the luncheon before the fashion show include the intent faces of Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Edna Chase, editor of "Harper's Bazaar," and Lady Lee. Beyond sit Mr. Gallienne, of the British Consulate General, and Lady Abingdon, head of Refugees of England, Inc.



Probably the most official display of women's clothes ever held in New York was the British fashion show on the roof of the Astoria Hotel. Besides the usual crowd of buyers, designers, journalists, gossip-writers, who throng every dress premiere, at this set-off of Britain's woollen and sports clothes were Viscountess Halifax, the Ambassador's wife, Mr. Newbold Morris, president of the New York City Council and acting Mayor in Mr. LaGuardia's absence, Mr. Percy Trilnick, head of the British trade delegation, Miss Gertrude Lawrence, Lady Abingdon. Some of the models were English girls who had come on to New York after the recent British fashion tour of South America, others were young American socialites, British socialites like Lady Moore and Lady Queensberry, and American professional models who are the most glamorous and highly-paid mannequins in the world



Fashion experts scrutinise two tweed outfits, modelled by Phyllis Adams and Ann Hoffman, in front of the Empire State Building. The experts are the Hon. Mrs. James Rodney, editor of the London edition of "Harper's Bazaar," and Mrs. Elizabeth Penrose, former head of the London edition of "Vogue," now editor of "Glamour"

Freshening-up and pressing the suits as they were unpacked was the job of "Izzie," who comes from Canada and is a British subject



Grey shadow check worsted suit and white blouse was modelled by a breezy young mannequin



Wedding dress of sheer white wool with pearl and diamante embroidery was shown off by a pretty American, Dusty Anderson



Brown and white tweed with leather pocket trimmings adorns English Suzanne Hood



With Silent Friends

(Continued)

performance, but Pavlova thought little of it. It was not taken up. Neither was Camille; partly because her knowledge of English was practically negligible. Yet at one time so great was her fame that Réjane asked her to come to Paris to perform. She knew both Duse and Bernhardt, and had modelled her art largely upon the genius of the great Sarah.

All the same, it is not her career as an actress which makes this book so readable and memorable. It is her career as a private individual. We meet her first of all as a member of an aristocratic Hungarian family in Slovakia, with Massenet and Liszt among the friends who joined the circle. She married twice, unhappily each time. Then when her stage career seemed to be dimming, there came her devotion to her half-brother, Anthony, and to his career to fill her life. In the beginning it looked as if he might find fame as well as fortune as an inventor, but all his efforts in that direction were brought to nothing by dishonest patent agents, but especially by ill-health. When the last war broke out he volunteered for the Austrian Army, but was rejected. Then he went with his half-sister, Camille, to America, hoping that at least one of his inventions would prove successful in that country. But tragedy and disaster accompanied them everywhere, until at last both were on the brink of starvation. Then Anthony died, and Camille, now an old lady, was left behind worn out with poverty and grief.

Yet she had sufficient strength of purpose left to use her talents for a film career. The directors saw in her a very definite type for their purpose. Their interest in her brings a strange life-story to at least a

peaceful conclusion. It has indeed been so well worth reading that I would not have missed finding it for a great deal.

Yorkshire Mill Life

"THE BEEHIVE" (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.), by Winifred Williams, is one of those novels which, so to speak, flit about all over the place in the hope—in this case fairly successfully—of achieving a definite, unified picture. We are flung from one character to another, from one group of characters to another; the background—that of a big Yorkshire woollen mill—alone remaining steadfast. The method is no longer original, and to me always seems to signify that the writer is better at character-drawing than at building up a well-constructed plot.

The actual story takes place within a few days. We are on the verge of a strike. And it is how the preparation for this dispute affects the various characters which is the main thread running through the tale. There is the wealthy master of the mill who is something of a bully. There is his wife, the lovely Clare, ex-village school-mistress who married him for his money. There is the Communist agitator who really instigates the strike, and whose wife is expecting her first child. There is the manager of the mill who loves Clare, and a typist frustrated in love, a loose-thinking little clerk, a girl whose favours are by no means difficult to obtain, and a dozen other characters each with his or her story, mostly of love given to the wrong person.

Indeed, nobody really seems able to love the one who loves them, and this adds a certain sameness to the sentimental side of the story. Maybe also the writer indulges a little too often in sentimental descriptions which seek to make the molehills of romantic attraction into mountains of passion. But

she has an eye for interesting detail when it comes to descriptions of life in a Yorkshire town and she can give her characters life. Her next novel should be even better than this one is.

The Spineless Hero

IT often seems so queer that those who always need "propping" invariably find the "props." And these heroes or heroines equally invariably spend their lives putting spine into the spineless. Which, in my experience, is a mistake, because the only thing to do with those who won't cultivate any pretence of backbone is to let them fall, and fall hard. And if nobody picks them up, in spite of their metaphorical cries for help, they will get up by themselves; there being nothing else for them to do. Mothers are often a lot to blame for this. Most parents inwardly resent the fact that their children grow up, and, if they possess one who has no wish to do so, the mother possessiveness continues, usually with dire results in the long run.

The hero of Miss Rosalind Wade's new novel, *The Man of Promise* (Cassell; 8s. 6d.), is a sufferer from mother fixation, and is so much in need of being "propped" that at least three women in the story contrive to sacrifice themselves for this purpose. First of all there is his mother, who idolises him, surrounds him with cotton-wool and fusses around like an over-attentive hen whenever she thinks the padding is wearing a little thin here and there and he might possibly be hurt. Then a woman doctor, whose father had tried to help the young man but found it impossible, takes a hand in his reformation, falls in love with him, and marries him. Whereupon his mother tries to wreck the marriage and eventually her son returns home, where a particularly brainless girl joins forces with her and does

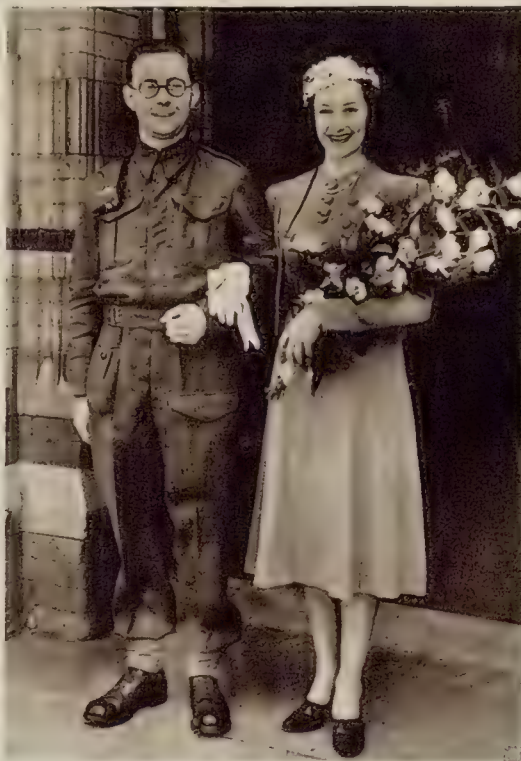
her best to complete the ruin. Nevertheless, his wife gets him back on what she thinks are her own terms. But alas! she loves him, she needs him, and when one is in love there is no such thing as a firmly independent course of action. Try as we will, we have to fight with our hands metaphorically tied behind our backs—as vulnerable to attack and defeat as if we were already grovelling.

This is really a psychological novel, but don't let that put you off. It has real story interest as well. It is a tale of quite a common experience when once you begin to look around, and as a human problem very few people ever solve it who are mixed up in it. The "propped" see to that. There are few people who fight more desperately than the selfish against those who would force upon them even a semblance of self-sacrifice. And the trouble is that these people often possess a very definite superficial charm. It is their first line of offence and it usually wins them the battle. Miss Wade's hero possessed it, plus good looks. It helps one to understand better the psychological attraction he had for a fine woman who yearned only to build up a man out of material merely resembling quicksilver. The effort was her crown as well as her tragedy. But some misguided women are like that, and some men are, too. For them there is no escape, or very rarely.



An Actress Engaged

Miss Marjorie Browne, the musical-comedy actress, who played in the popular revival of "Chu Chin Chow" at the Palace Theatre last summer, is engaged to Sec. Lieut. C. Trevor Reeve, Royal Armoured Corps (Hussars). She and her fiancé were photographed in the lovely garden of her Haslemere home



A Ballet Dancer Married

Mr. John d'Ewes Pritchett, younger son of Captain E. Pritchett, of Ormesby, Yorks, former musical director of "Diversion," now in the Army, was married at All Saints' Church, Maidenhead, to Beatrice Appleyard, the principal dancer and ballet mistress at the Windmill Theatre. Her parents live at Maidenhead



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Racing in Ireland

The Irish Derby at The Curragh



The Winner

The Irish Derby was a thrilling duel between Sol Oriens and Sir Percy Loraine's Khosro, won by the former by a length. The colt is owned by Mr. A. P. Reynolds (using the nom de plume of Mr. J. Dillon), whose daughter, Patricia, had the honour of leading in her father's horse, which was ridden by G. Wells

Photographs by
Poole, Dublin



On Leave

Lieut. Sir Oliver Lambart, Bt., enjoying a few days' leave from his regiment at Beau Parc, Co. Meath, accompanied his mother, Lady Lambart, to the races. She is a noted breeder of bloodstock, and sister of Lieut.-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, the British Minister of Aircraft Production



Sir John and Lady Maffey

Sir John Maffey, the 6-ft.-4-in. British representative to Eire since 1939, and Lady Maffey are often to be seen at Irish race meetings. They saw the Irish colt win the Derby at The Curragh, the two English challengers, Easy Chair and Lynch Tor, being unplaced

Racing Notabilities

Lady Stafford-King-Harman saw the Tyros' Stakes won by Terrible Times, belonging to her husband, Sir Cecil Stafford-King-Harman. Colonel Harold Boyd-Rochfort (right) brought his colt, Easy Chair, over from England to compete in the Irish Derby, with W. Nevett, who won the English counterpart on Owen Tudor, to ride him

Foxhunters Both

Mrs. Otway Graham-Toler and Captain Henry D. Bayley are both well known with the Westmeath Foxhounds, and also keen racegoers. Mrs. Graham-Toler, the former Miss Maxwell Lowe, is the wife of Mr. Otway Graham-Toler, of Durrow Abbey, Kings County, heir-presumptive to the seventy-nine-year-old Earl of Norbury

A Diplomatic Spectator

Lady Mary Hermon, the Earl of Clanwilliam's elder daughter, was snapped with Sir Percy Loraine, British Ambassador to Turkey for six years, and in Rome, until Italy's entry into the war. His Khosro, winner of the Irish 2000 Guineas, was second in the Irish Derby





The King Wins the Coventry Stakes

The King had two successes in the First July Meeting at Newmarket, Big Game winning the Coventry Stakes and Sun Chariot the Queen Mary Stakes. Both were ridden by Harry Wragg, who also rode Finis, winner of the Gold Cup, which with three other Ascot races was included in the programme. Big Game, No. 1 nearest the camera, got away with a good start to win the Coventry Stakes, his fourth successive victory, with ease. Big Game is by Bahram out of Myrobella, and one of the best two-year-olds of the season

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

A Royal Right and Left

THIS MAJESTY, like his illustrious sire, has always been a first-class shot, but he has never scored a more popular right and left than he did on the opening day of the "Ascot" meeting at Newmarket with that good colt, Big Game, and, as we hope, the equally as good filly, Sun Chariot. The colt won without being extended, but Sun Chariot had to work her passage, and only got up right on the post to win by a head from Lord Glanely's Perfect Peace, whom she had beaten quite comfortably (four lengths) in the Acorn Plate at Newmarket (June 6th).

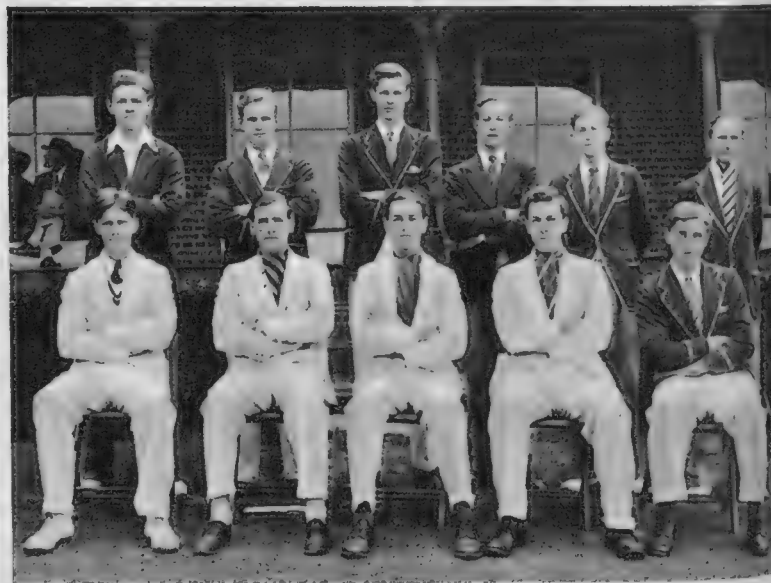
If there is anything in the rough rule of

handicapping allowing 3 lbs. for a length, then this means that either Perfect Peace has improved to the tune of about 11 lbs. or that the King's filly has gone back by a similar amount. I prefer to accept the former explanation, because I think that on the Acorn Stakes running it is more likely to be the true one. They backed Perfect Peace down to 2 to 1 for the Acorn Stakes, but she went out at 100 to 8 for the Queen Mary Stakes at Ascot. As to the future of these good two-year-olds I am not sure that I do not prefer the filly's chances, because I think she may be better bred to stay. Big Game undoubtedly gets his great turn of foot from The Tetrarch's strain in

his blood. We have no right at all to suppose that it does not also import stamina. How about Caligula and Salmon Trout, both Leger winners, and both by The Tetrarch, the former marking to the sire's colour? But there is that old superstition that "The Spotted Wonder's" descendants are apt not to stay. Personally, I have always thought it just a superstition and nothing more. Anyway, Big Game has said "Yes" to every question put to him so far, and I hope it may continue so to be.

"Ascot" Heroes

ORTHODOX, the Newmarket Stakes winner, whose Derby chances were damned



D. R. Stuart

The Eton and Harrow Match: the Elevens Who Met at Eton on Saturday

The Eton XI.: (standing) C. H. B. Pease, J. A. Floyd, C. E. Migrigan, D. W. S. S. Lane, C. P. Lindsay; (sitting) T. H. Marshall, E. H. Spooner, H. M. Chinnery (captain), E. N. W. Bramall, C. M. Wheatley; (on ground) J. F. Cory-Wright, W. G. Keighley

The Harrow XI.: (standing) R. B. Stuart, H. P. G. Cholmondeley, I. R. Readman, I. N. Mitchell, R. H. Symes-Thompson, B. I. Stratton-Ferrier; (sitting) M. A. Smith, G. F. Anson, David F. Henley (captain), D. C. H. McLean, A. T. S. Griffin

into small heaps, came right into his own and won the St. James's Palace Stakes quite comfortably from the Two Thousand Guineas winner, Lambert Simnel, with Newmarket's badly-shattered idol, Sun Castle, again well in the ruck. Sir Cunliffe Owen's Finis won the Gold Cup by a head in a bustling finish. This six-year-old won the Fordham Handicap (2 miles 24 yards) at Newmarket last year in heavy going, absolutely squandering the opposition with 9 st. 3 lbs. on his back. Then, as now, he was trained by that Adonis of the profession, my very old friend Oswald Marmaduke Dalby Bell, to whom the heartiest congratulations. O. M. D., as is turf history, trained Sir Hugo's 1928 Derby winner, Felstead, and in 1938 the same owner's Rockfel, both ridden by Harry Wragg. This good jockey had a real field day at Newmarket. He rode both the King's winners and also Finis, three straight off the reel, and he had two seconds—a nice afternoon's fun, and this on top of recently riding the Oaks winner, Commotion. Another winner at the meeting was Ujiji, the real spelling of which name will no doubt be apparent to the agile-minded. It is as one might say U.B.F.!

The Saddle Off His Back

WHY it should have occurred to anyone that being appointed Commander-in-Chief in India adds up to anything like a slur defies comprehension. India has always been one of the big plums in the Service, and it has usually happened that we have

sent the very best man available to be War Lord in that land of soldiers and sportsmen. Roberts and Kitchener were both appointed after a strenuous stretch of hard battle-fighting, so why should there be any to-do when another war-worn soldier gets the big job? They could not have picked anyone better fitted than Sir Archibald Wavell, and if it should be imagined that he has been consigned to some Oriental Peacehaven, the sooner that idea is dismissed the better.

The best horse ever lapped in leather will not stand being galloped every day and all day. You must take the saddle off his back sometimes, and this good horse, the best we have got according to Von Keitel, who is a pretty good judge, will pull out all the fresher for a bit of an easy at the C.-in-C.'s house in Delhi and that much more attractive abode, Snowden, in Simla. Anyway, India seems delighted about it, and this is so because I am sure she can



At the Newmarket Sales

The Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, who won the Derby last month with Owen Tudor, was at the Newmarket Sales, held during the first July Meeting, with her elder daughter and her trainer, Fred Darling

see a bit farther through a brick wall than the people who have suggested that our best General is being ditched.

Bandy Coot Bill's Downfall

IT was at Snowden that this most astute officer slipped up so badly. It was in "K's" time, and Bill, who was quite the

(Concluded on page 108)



"The A.T.A. Girls Take Off"

By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

Women members of the Air Transport Auxiliary are doing grand work collecting aircraft from the factories and delivering them to the aerodromes. Our picture shows the A.T.A. girls in their dark blue uniform with its black buttons, and gold stripes on the shoulders, mustered at a Ferry Pool, ready to set out in their Anson aircraft to the factories. As many as twelve girls have been carried in one Anson. Very little luggage is carried on these trips, but a leg-pull on the enormous amount required by the female traveller could not be resisted. A sudden gust has blown a suitcase open, scattering undies and what not to the winds. On the right a moving farewell is taking place, sympathetically watched by the Group Captain in command of the Pool

Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

Sensitive Plants

SOME refugees are proving unduly sensitive; they have not transplanted as well as others. While sympathising with those who wish to avoid being confused with the remnants of international café society, now washed up (in both senses) on these long-suffering shores, we see no reason why British refugee mothers should be so palpably afraid of going to any function (such as a fight or a first night) which does not come under the heading of War Work—"in case they hear about it at home and think I am doing nothing but enjoying myself."

Most of us mothers spend much of the time looking after our young, and war-working, therefore I do not think anyone here, or at home, is going to criticise if we occasionally accept a gala invitation, and wearing borrowed plumes (American women being wonderfully generous with their dresses) step out, putting as serene a face upon the world as possible.

The widowed Mrs. "Ronnie" Balfour and Mrs. Geoffrey Toye are sharing a house they have been lent for the summer in Massachusetts, doing their own work; the latter having just got over a long illness. Mrs. "Marjorie" McGuffie is sticking to her new job in a children's book shop on Long Island, while her son, James, goes camping, and Mrs. Frank Kelly (Venetia Dormer) has dug into a nice cottage near Mount Kisco where neighbours include Miss Louise Whitehouse, a first-cousin of Lady Aylesford and of Diana Coventry Mason.

Heat Wave Happenings

WITH the annual New York heat wave soaring the Joe Louis fight provided an alternative topic to weather and warfare. In an amazing setting, as you may have gathered from the air, the personalities ranged from old Mr. Barney Baruch (supposedly "behind" the U.S. Government in the last war—he belongs to the Oppenheim-Zaharoff era) to young Mr. and Mrs. "Shipwreck" Kelly (Brenda Frazier) who married a few weeks later, having danced out for over a year—the modern equivalent to the Victorian long engagement.

Seated as near the ring as women are allowed was beauteous Leonora Corbett escorted by an important radio man. She is to be the "Blithe Spirit" of Noel Coward's comedy which is new with you and goes into rehearsal here next month. Meanwhile Miss Corbett is visiting the Rex Bensons in Washington, where Mr. Bullitt's daughter had an almost pre-war coming-out party under the wing of Mrs. Sterling whose husband was American Minister in Dublin for several years.

Theatrical Forecasts

MAURICE EVANS, who has just become an American citizen, will revive *Macbeth*. He wants Flora Robson to play Lady M., but she is committed to the Duchess of Marlborough in Gilbert Miller's forthcoming *Anne of England* which you saw when it was Norman Ginsbury's *Viceroy Sarah* in 1935.

Eric Maschwitz, Oscar Strauss and others are writing a musicale called *Dorian's Love Affairs*. I do not know whether the book derives from Mr. O. Wilde's work.

Alfred Noyes is in Hollywood revising the last act of his latest *The Rustling of Grass*, which is also due in the Fall.

Summer stock companies all over the continent have erupted with revivals, such as *A Kiss for Cinderella*, *Her Cardboard Lover* (Tallulah), and Shaw galore, plus try-outs of which none is likely to prove more important than Maxwell Anderson's *Candle in the Wind*, which Alfred Lunt is staging for the Theatre Guild.

A Dynamic Production

KATHERINE CORNELL's husband, Guthrie McClintock, staged *The Doctor's Dilemma* so adroitly (with his wife as the love-blinded Cornish heroine) that it enjoyed an unprecedented success on Broadway, and is now touring the biggest cities with as much éclat as *Major Barbara* is achieving on the screens of innumerable small towns. Quel Superman!

The final matinée at the Schubert Theatre was packed in spite of acute heat, and no air-conditioning to speak of in the Second Balcony, which sounds much grander than our equivalent Upper Circle. Nevertheless, I enjoyed the play more than ever for I had not seen so ideal a team of all-British actors before. Colin Keith-Johnson (of *Journey's End*) gave a much better performance than Raymond Massey, from all accounts. (Mr. Massey continued to be Abraham Lincoln throughout.)

The others were Bramwell Fletcher who has acted here for thirteen years; Cecil Humphreys (whose son is with the R.A.F. in the Middle East); that delightful Irish actor, Whitford Kane; Ralph Forbes whose first success was at Wyndham's in legit. (later you saw him on the silent screen in *Beau Geste*); Barry Jones who had such a good record in the last war and then graduated with Sir Frank Benson; Clarence Derwent who too began with Benson (incidentally he was in the first New York production of *Major Barbara* with that fine American actress Grace George); and Leslie Barrie who dates from the Terry-Neilson Pimpernel Period.

To hear English as she was spoke before the B.B.C., was in itself a rare pleasure, and Miss Cornell's faultless dresses made the women of 1903 wondrously sexed. Her voice is a little fluty for my taste, but you can't have everything as Uncle James Agate is always pointing out.

"Watch on the Rhine"

THE play with the best title of the season, chosen as the best play of the season, is weathering the heat and will run on, as they say of good horses. I wish you could see Paul Lukas' performance as the anti-Nazi German agent who loves his wife and children yet leaves them in America to go back to certain capture and a tortured death. An English actor, George Coulouris, scores as the sunken Rumanian refugee who plots to give the German away, but it is Paul Lukas' evening.

Interesting to recall that he was trained at the Comedy Theatre in his native Budapest, while Mady Christians, who plays his wife, was one of Mr. Reinhardt's finds for Shakespeare in Vienna. Together they bring to this loose-knit, far from plausible American topicality, the emotion and the style of pre-Nazi Mittel-Europa, erstwhile home of schooled theatrical talent.

Miss Hellman has not written nearly such a powerful play as *The Children's Hour*, nor is *Watch on the Rhine* in the same class as her masterpiece, *The Little Foxes* (which Tallulah is bringing to London après la guerre), but it is admirable propaganda, and for sob-stuff unusually gripping.

Mary Tudor

RACING pals will be interested in a note I have received from Colonel A. B. Hancock, of Paris, Kentucky, to the effect that as Mary Tudor, dam of the (English) Derby winner, was by the sire of Rhodes Scholar out of a mare by Teddy, the mating of Rhodes Scholar (now standing in Kentucky) with Imp Sir Galahad III. mares should work out to the advantage of the American thoroughbred.



An American Ceremony at St. Paul's

Mr. John Winant, the American Ambassador, watched Sir Archibald Sinclair unveil the commemorative tablet, in the crypt of St. Paul's, to Pilot-Officer W. L. M. Fiske, R.A.F., the first American-born pilot to lose his life in this war. Behind Mr. Winant is the bust of George Washington, recently presented by the American people. Pilot-Officer "Billy" Fiske, the famous Cresta rider, was only twenty-nine when he was killed in action last August in the Battle of Britain.

Shades of Wimbledon!

Old nostalgic memories of the Centre Court are stirred by these pictures of American aces in battle at Forest Hills for British War Relief



A thrilling game, watched by large crowds, was that between Donald Budge (in the foreground) and Fred Perry, the British ex-amateur champion, who was in great form and won the match



The newly-weds—Donald Budge (left) and Fred Perry—with their wives. They have both been married within the last few months: Budge to Miss Deirdre Conselman, of Glendale, California; Perry to Miss Sandra Beaux, daughter of a Californian banker

More help for Britain came from a successful International Lawn Tennis Championship for Professionals, held at the Westside Tennis Club at Forest Hills, New York. The proceeds were in aid of British War Relief Funds. A big audience attended, to see several of the most famous professionals, including Fred Perry, Donald Budge, Bill Tilden, all of whom have been champions at Wimbledon in their time: Tilden in 1930, Perry 1934-1936, Budge in 1937 and 1938

(Below) Bill Tilden got an enthusiastic greeting from an old friend, Alice Marble, America's No. 3 woman lawn-tennis player. She won the mixed doubles at Wimbledon with Budge in 1937 and 1938



Fred Perry, when he was not on the courts, took over the work of the British War Relief usherettes for a while. He was fully equipped with a tray selling emblems, pins, scarves, etc. The girls also sold programmes



Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Wigan—Christian

Captain John Derek Wigan, Coldstream Guards, elder son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. J. T. Wigan, of Danbury Park, Chelmsford, was married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, to Anne Geraldine Christian, younger daughter of the late Admiral and Mrs. Arthur Christian. The bride was given away by her brother, Major John Christian, and Captain James Innes, a brother-officer of the bridegroom, was best man.



Wormald—Hunt

The wedding took place at the Parish Church, Dorking, of Captain John Edward Graham Wormald, 12th Royal Lancers, to Ruth Margaret Hunt, eldest daughter of the Rev. Oswald and Mrs. Hunt, of the Vicarage, Dorking. The bridegroom is the only son of Major and Mrs. Leslie Wormald, of Pitman's Orchard, North Cadbury, Somerset. Major R. B. Redhead was best man, and there were two bridesmaids, Olivia Hunt and Benita Wormald.



Lenore

Baron and Baroness de Westenholz

The marriage took place quietly at Goudhurst, Kent, between Baron Henry Frederick Everard de Westenholz, son of Baroness Westenholz, and Margaret Gordon Ness, daughter of the late Gordon S. Ness, Royal Scots Fusiliers, and of Mrs. Ness, and niece of Mrs. Horsley, Willesley, Cranbrook.



Hughes—Morgan

Sec.-Lieut. Richard Hughes, R.A., elder son of Major-General H. B. W. Hughes, Chief Engineer, Western Command, 1939-40, and Mrs. Hughes, and Nancy Morgan, daughter of the late H. A. Morgan, and Mrs. Morgan, of Hough Green, Chester, were married at Chester Cathedral.



Maccoy—Strange

A pretty wedding at Holy Trinity Church, Northwood, Middlesex, was that of Sub-Lieut. A. H. Maccoy, R.N.V.R. (S.A.), son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Maccoy, of 16, Dene Road, Northwood, to René Strange. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harding Strange, of South Africa.



Bromley-Martin—Close

Lieut. David Eliot Bromley-Martin, R.N., elder son of the late Granville Bromley-Martin, and Mrs. Bromley-Martin, of Street Place, Hassocks, Sussex, and Rosemary Close, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. M. S. Close, of Drumbanagher, Poyntzpass, Co. Armagh, were married at St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street.



Bamford — Train

Surgeon Commander F. C. Mayall Bamford, R.N., and Beatrice Train, daughter of Sir John Train, M.P., and Lady Train, of Cathkin House, Lanarkshire, were married at Glasgow Cathedral. He is the son of Frank L. Bamford, of Glasgow, and the late Mrs. Bamford



Storey — Ryan

Lieut. Aidan Storey, Punjab Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. Storey of Everingham, Yorks, and Patricia Ryan, younger daughter of the late F. D. Ryan, Conservator of Forests, Nigeria, and Mrs. Ryan, of Jubbulpore, India, were married at St. Peter's and St. Paul's Church, Jubbulpore. Those in the group are: (back row) Mrs. Peter Leir (sister of the bride), Miss Barbara Bennett (bridesmaid), the bridegroom, the bride, Capt. Symonds (best man), Mrs. McConnell (Matron of Honour); (sitting) Mr. A. White, Capt. Peter Leir, Mrs. F. L. Harry, Mrs. F. D. Ryan (mother of the bride), Colonel F. L. Harry, Capt. McConnell; (in front) Neil and Heather Mattingly



Kay — Man

The Rev. George Alexander Kay, C.F., only son of the Rev. T. G. B. Kay, and Mrs. Kay, of Harrogate, was married at St. Mary's Church, Chartham, near Canterbury, Kent, to Janet Evelyn Lucas Man, only daughter of the Rev. M. L. Man, and Mrs. Man, of Chartham



Jones — Poupart

The wedding of Sq.-Ldr. William Oscar Jones, R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Jones, of 14, Lovelace Gdns., Surbiton, took place at St. Stephen's Church, East Twickenham, to Frances Ruth Poupart, of 28, Sidney Rd., St. Margaret's, Twickenham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Poupart



Rome — Needham

Elizabeth Needham, daughter of Major and Mrs. Desmond Needham, of Danesmount, Lightwater, Surrey, was married at St. Anne's, Bagshot, to Mr. David Rome, son of Brig.-Gen. Claude Rome, and the Hon. Mrs. Rome, of Duke's Hill Place, Bagshot. The bridegroom wore Home Guard uniform



Easton — Keyser

The marriage between Captain Denby B. Easton and Iris Joan Keyser took place at St. Katherine's Church, Mersham. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Easton, of Hunters Hall, Tadworth, Surrey, and her parents are Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Keyser, of Hove, and Lambourn, Berks.



Saunders — Lane

Lieut. Geoffrey Leonard Saunders, Royal Warwickshire Regiment, and Elizabeth Sheila Lane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Reginald Lane, of the Grange, Bentley Heath, Knowle, Warwickshire, were married recently. The bridegroom's parents live at Moor Lane, Kirsal, Manchester

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Aero-Agriculture

LOSE co-operation between the aeronaut and the agriculturist is as important as close co-operation between the aeronauts and the Army. There is a profound association between the earth and the aeroplane, though its full significance is only now being realised as we seek at one and the same time to turn England into a vast aerodrome and farm combined.

Grow more and fly more are the words which should guide Royal Air Force station commanders throughout the country, and it should be the ambition of every officer and man to study advanced agriculture and to qualify for the ranks of the Higher Hayseeds.

In my own conscientious way—aware of the new collaboration between flying and farming—I have been urgently studying crop rotation, silage, the soil and related matters. My bible is the works of Lord Lymington, and if there is a single thing I still do not know—theoretically—about dung I should be glad to hear of it.

After all, an aerodrome is a large piece of ground and should be reckoned, in the secondary sense, as a national allotment. Good use is actually being made of the ground on and around aerodromes, but I feel that there is still scope for development.

Encouragement

THE Air Ministry has done well in encouraging the keeping of livestock by personnel. Tending animals and growing things are far more educative forms of exercise than banging balls about; they train the mind as well as the muscles.

Herr Hitler is said to have the intention of making the British Isles a pastoral community; but the British Isles are already

making themselves that, the only difference being that industrial progress is running alongside agricultural progress.

Personally I am not at all sure that we have arrived yet at anything near the final aerodrome form. The early conception of the open grass field will, in all probability, give way to something much more compact and confined in so far as the landing and taking-off processes are concerned.

But it seems as if it will always be necessary to maintain around a landing and taking-off place a good stretch of open country without high obstructions. So the aerodrome will always form a nucleus of open country even though the aircraft may take off and land in new ways.

Assisted Take-Off

ASSISTED take-off has been studied by many inventors, and the possible methods are legion. There is the Mayo composite method, one of the few that have been tried and have proved outstandingly successful. (It was with this that an international seaplane distance record was achieved.)

Then there is catapulting, which is rather favoured by the Germans and which is used by ourselves for getting aircraft off from ships. On looking back through my notes I also find details of many specifications that have gone through the Patent Office for methods of assisted take-off which make use of a track.

The aircraft is usually mounted on some kind of trolley which runs on rails, and to the pull of the aircraft engines there is added the pull of additional engines or motors which drive the trolley.

A form of winch-aided take-off, resembling the kind used for putting sailplanes into the



The R.A.F. Keeps Cool

Standing in a cool-looking swimming-pool are Wing Commander A. G. Malan, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, and Squadron Leader John Holmes. Behind them, sitting on the edge, is Squadron Leader Rankin, D.F.C. Wing Commander Malan is the R.A.F.'s No. 1 fighter, has a record of 35 enemy planes destroyed and received the Bar to his D.S.O. last week.

air, has been suggested, and the use of a steeply-sloping runway. All such methods aim at getting a heavily-laden machine into the air with the shortest possible run, and they very often have the subsidiary advantage that they enable the taking-off run to be made across wind.

If any of these methods were to succeed they might change the shape of taking-off grounds (as opposed to landing-grounds), and turn them into lanes rather than rectangular or circular spaces.

Specialisation

I DISCUSSED in these notes last week the part that helicopters and Autogiros might play in air transport in the future. Such machines would use totally different kinds of aerodromes from the long-range, high-speed machines.

In fact, if one looks far into the future one is able to distinguish the specialisation of both aircraft and aerodromes. The aircraft would be divided up into two main groups—the long-range machines with high performance and the short-range machines with relatively low performance.

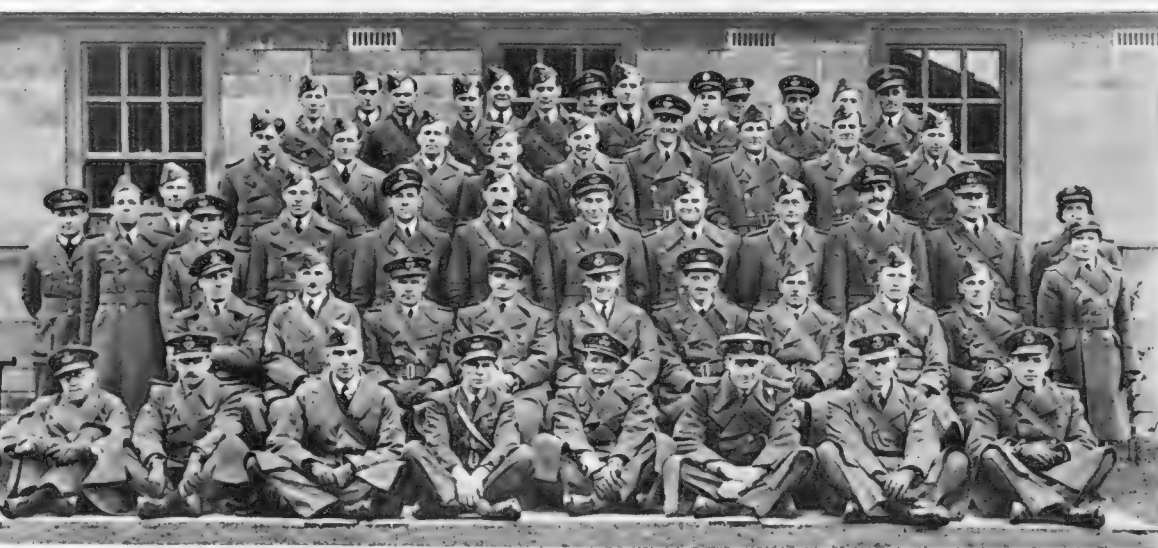
The long-range machines would use the lane taking-off grounds, while the short-range machines would be of a moving wing type which could land on roofs or very small patches of ground.

That scheme fits the circumstances, for soot-fog is at its worst close to the cities, and in those parts only the short-range machines, capable of flying very slowly and possibly even of hovering, would be used. They would be able to grope their way in through the worst visibility.

Farther out from the cities, there would be the aerodromes for the long-range machines, which would need better visibility for their activities.

R.A.F. Successes

I WRITE while the Royal Air Force offensive against Germany continues and even mounts in strength. It has been a brilliant piece of planning and timing; and it has been executed with the greatest courage and address.



Officers of an R.A.F. Station

D. R. Stuart

Top row: Flt./Sgt. A. R. Mayell, Flt./Lt. J. H. Player, Sgt. V. A. Clouder, Sgt. G. M. Weymouth, P/O. F. S. Laughton, Sgt. E. W. Curtis, F/O. J. R. Cock, D.F.C., Sgt. W. I. Drinkall, Sgt. J. E. Savill, Flt./Lt. E. E. Noddings, Flt./Lt. L. K. Wilcox, F/O. A. B. Jones. Second row: F/O. J. E. Watts, P/O. A. C. McCreeth, F/O. R. McCarthy, F/O. P. H. Baldwin, Flt./Lt. A. F. Sunderland-Cooper, F/O. G. P. Gouge, P/Os. C. J. Barnett, G. D. Berry, J. Burningham. Third row: F/O. G. T. Langley, Flt./Lt. G. S. Barrett, P/O. D. H. B. Cross, P/O. P. J. Dale, Flt./Lts. A. F. McGhie, G. T. Openshaw, J. H. Sindall, F/O. F. O. Barrett, P/O. A. W. Saunders, P/O. J. W. S. Clark, F/O. B. R. W. Hallows, Flt./Lt. R. Dickinson, A.S.O. P. Cooper. Fourth row: Flt./Lt. R. H. Sleigh, Sq./Ldr. E. M. Darrell, O.B.E., Sq./Ldr. G. E. M. Turner, W./Cdr. F. W. Hilton, A.F.C., Group Capt. H. A. Hamersley, M.C., W./Cdr. E. Shipley, Sq./Ldr. J. W. L. Birbeck, A.F.C., Flt./Lt. F. W. Breeze, Sq./Ldr. D. H. Lee, P/O. K. Butler. Fifth row: Flt./Lt. W. E. Chapman, P/O. C. J. Rose, P/O. J. S. Machin, F/O. D. H. Blomley, Flt./Lt. H. D. Mitchelmore, P/O. J. E. Lord, P/O. G. F. Roberts, F/O. J. A. Sherry



Mens clothes by
Drescott
There may be some difficulty in
obtaining Drescott clothes because of
the limitation of supplies imposed by
H.M. Government on all civilian wear.
But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION by M. E. BROOKE



Summer has arrived and women have discovered there is nothing more economical and useful than the casual coat. It may be discarded during the heat of the day and slipped on when it is chilly. Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore Street (Knitwear Department) are making a feature of the same. The coatee above is black with gaily coloured revers and sash. It has a turn-over collar and short sleeves. Naturally the sash might assume the role of a turban. The other coat, of a jersey fabric, is of a nutmeg brown shade to harmonise with the dress strewn with star-like white spots. In this department there is an infinite variety of twin sets, cardigans and pullovers carried out in pure cashmere and angora. A brochure would be sent on application



Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, sale is over and she is thinking of the autumn. Simplicity is the keynote of the models. She has implicit faith in a prosperous career for fur-trimmed coats, especially when the pelt chosen is timber wolf or lynx. Furthermore, it is capital news that she will use her clients' furs. The little black frocks are just right. She has abandoned all unnecessary forms of decoration; it is the cut and quality of materials which have received the utmost consideration. Neither must it be overlooked that there are many variations of the coat-frock theme with and without the peplum. It will be seen that the coat which accompanies the dress above represents the new length. It is of star-spangled crepe; the dress has short sleeves and a neat turn-over pique collar

The Girl who was Too Popular



IT was just a year ago that I first left home to take a secretarial job at an estate-agent's in X—.

I thought it would be rather humdrum work but my chief was awfully busy organizing Home Guard detachments and so he often left the whole office in my charge for days on end. Also I was expected to write most of the advertisements myself—all about "a little gem in safe area," etc., etc.

To tell the truth, I loved the work—but it wasn't exactly a rest-cure.

And then, on top of that, I made a lot of friends in X—.

ANYWAY, after a bit I began to feel terribly tired. It came to the point when I turned down invitations just so that I could go to bed early. Not that it helped. Even after ten hours in bed I still seemed to be tired.

Then last spring I went back home to see my parents. When my mother saw me she said I looked ten years older and she persuaded me to see our old family doctor.

When he found I felt tired even when I woke up in the mornings, he said my trouble was that I wasn't getting the right kind of sleep.

He explained that there are three sleep groups. There are the people who can't sleep and lie awake listening to the clock striking. They're 3rd Group Sleepers. Then there are the 2nd Group

people (as I was) who don't feel rested even after 8 or 9 hours' sleep because they're not getting the deep, restoring kind of sleep.

Lastly there are the 1st Group Sleepers—the people who get lovely, deep, refreshing sleep. They feel fine even if they only get a few hours of it because it's such restoring sleep. Doctor told me to take Horlicks to help me to get back into the 1st Group.

I started taking it while I was at home. What a difference it's made to me! I can run the office, take my turn fire-watching and go to parties! All because, thanks to Horlicks, I get the recuperative benefits of 1st Group Sleep every night and no longer suffer from Night Starvation.

IN these days it is more than ever important to have the deep, restoring sleep that Horlicks brings. You will find you not only wake up refreshed, but gradually your health and spirits improve all round because Horlicks is such a grand general "builder-up-er."

We ask the forbearance of users of Horlicks when their chemists or grocers are temporarily without stock. Every effort is being made to ensure the most equitable distribution of the supplies of Horlicks that are available.



And so it should be, for thanks to Votrix you can still enjoy a cocktail. Votrix Vermouth is made from wine produced from the finest Empire grapes and skilfully blended with selected herbs in the traditional way of the best Continental vermouths. The only difference is in the price which is quite a lot less, because of its British origin. There is Votrix Dry or Votrix Sweet corresponding to the formerly imported French and Italian vermouths.

VOTRIX VERMOUTH

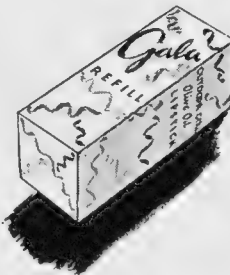
Supplies are limited—that is inevitable these days—so if you experience difficulty in obtaining Votrix don't blame the wine merchant. We are distributing all available supplies fairly. Votrix Dry may be sold in smaller size bottles in which case the price is 4/6.



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The liveliest lipstick in Town 1/6 inc. Purchase Tax

Also Gala Powder 1/6 including Purchase Tax

Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

THE big liner was pitching and tossing as the captain and his twenty-five guests sat down in the saloon to their New Year dinner, and some of the guests looked green.

"I hope all of you will remember this day," said the cheery, weather-beaten skipper as the roast appeared on the table. "I hope this little company of—of twenty-three will be happy and prosperous.

"I look upon these—er—twenty smiling faces as a father would upon his family, for I am responsible for this little group of—seventeen. I hope that all—fourteen—of you will join me in drinking to the coming year. I believe that we—er—eight are a most congenial set, and I welcome you to my table.

"You and I, my dear sir, are . . . Here steward, clear away those plates and bring me the sweet!"

"PETERBOROUGH," in the *Daily Telegraph*, tells the following story:

An R.A.F. officer was leaving the operations room in a frequently blitzed district for dinner before night duty. Looking up at the heavy sky and thinking of the possibility of raids, he said to the sentry: "I think we may have a quiet night. It looks like rain."

The sentry replied fervently: "Hope it does, sir. Keep those blasted sparrows off the seeds."

HEARING noises at night, a householder lit a candle to investigate.

"Put that light out!" called a stern voice. Air raid warden, decided the householder, and retired.

Next morning his coal shed was empty.



"Jerry?"

"Nao—William the Conqueror, 1066!"

AN elderly lady came up to London from a very quiet country place, and saw bomb damage for the first time. She was much impressed by the work of the A.R.P.

"How does it happen that there's always a warden on the spot right after the bomb falls?" she asked a policeman.

"Oh, don't you know, madam?" he replied solemnly. "The warden comes down with the bomb."

"So he is a reckless driver?" asked the first man.

"Reckless!" echoed the second. "Why, when the road turns the same way as he does, it's sheer coincidence."

THE lady had been in every department in the large store and harassed the salesmen without buying a thing.

At last one weary assistant could stand it no longer.

"Excuse me, madam," he said, "but are you shopping here?"

"Of course I am," she snapped. "What do you think I'm doing?"

"Well, madam," was the meek reply, "I thought you were taking an inventory."

"HALT! Who goes there?"

"Army chaplain."

"Advance Charlie Chaplin, and don't be so — funny next time."

IT was early morning, very quiet, and the soldier on sentry was enjoying a pipe.

He spotted the colonel in the distance and put the pipe in his pocket.

"Didn't I see you smoking?" asked the colonel when he came up. "Let me look at your pipe."

The sentry pulled a pipe from his pocket and handed it over.

It was cold. The colonel was satisfied.

When he had gone the sentry pulled a still-glowing pipe from the other pocket.

"My old dad knew a thing or two when he advised me to have two of everything," he said to himself.



"She's not moulting, my dear. That was blast!"

THE clerk at the office for registry of births, marriages and deaths was new to his job, and not very well acquainted with the customary procedure. He was also slightly deaf.

"I want a certificate . . ." began the caller. "What name?" asked the clerk.

"New—Thomas New."

"Pardon me, I didn't quite catch it."

"I'm New. New to you. New to everybody! New to the world!"

"What you want is a birth certificate," said the clerk, absently.

THE door of the ladies hairdressers' shop opened and in came a meek-looking little man, twisting his hat nervously in his hand. One of the assistants came up to him.

"What can I have the pleasure—" he cooed.

"Er—could you spare me a blonde hair or my shoulder?" he stammered. "I want to make my wife jealous."

A WEALTHY old man with a weakness for gambling called his children round his bedside.

"You must all promise me," he said, "never to touch a card. Above all, I would warn you against playing baccarat. It is a game which will cost you a fortune, waste your time, ruin your health. Do you all promise never to play baccarat?"

"Yes, father!" in chorus.

"And remember—if you do play, always take the bank!"

TWO Scottish motorists had been dining not wisely, but too well.

"We're near Glesca a'm thinkin'," said one.

"Whit wey?"

"We're knockin' doon mair folk."

"Then drive slower."

"Whit are ye talkin' aboot?" was the reply.

"Ye're drivin'."

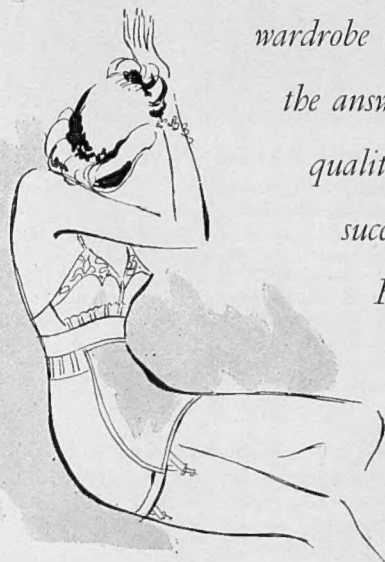
"SEE here," exclaimed the stranger, as he stumbled into his twentieth puddle. "I thought you said you knew where all the bad places were on this road?"

"Well," replied the native, who had volunteered to guide him through the dark, "we're a-findin' of them, ain't we?"

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Orange Barley
Lemon Barley 2/3

THE SPHERE
EXPLAINS EVERY PHASE OF THE WAR
—that is why YOU should take it

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from page 97)

outstanding star amongst India's amateur actors when he thought that he had had about enough soldiering in the red-hot plains, decided to go to the delectable hills. He heard that there was a staff job going at A.H.Q., so off he hiked to the Deodars. In due course he was bidden to dine at Snowden, and he went full of hope tricked out to his very good-looking best. Bill was a Horse Gunner, and therefore heavily imbued with spit and polish.

After dinner, "K," who knew all about him and why he had elected to spend his long leave in Simla instead of hareing off to the London first nights, quite casually said: "Been doing any acting lately, Major Footlights?" Bill was taken rather flat aback, but pulling himself together quite quickly, he replied: "Oh, no, sir. I've quite given up that sort of thing. The battery keeps me far too busy." "What a pity," said "K," "because I was just going to ask you to run a show we are getting up for the A.T.A."

Horse-Dealing With an Excellency

THE situation upon that lovely spring morning in the Himalayas was a not unusual one. The horse which H.E. had bought was not quite what he thought he was before he got him home: the suggestion, also quite a common one where the sale and barter of a horse is at issue, was that the vendor should take him back. Suddenly and without a word of warning, his Excellency said to the vendor:

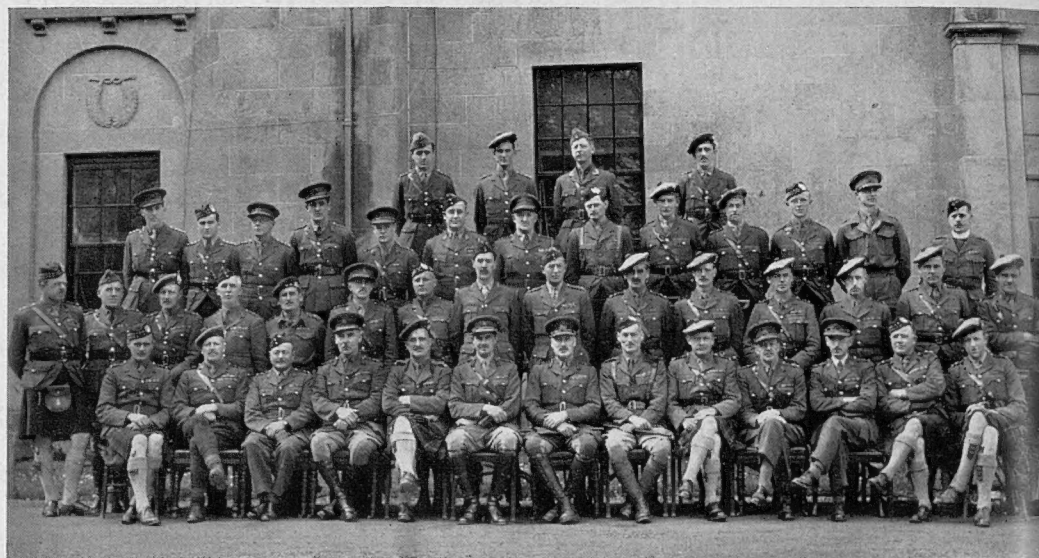
"Do you know the best way to catch hay-fever?"

The horse may have suggested the word "hay."

The vendor in his innocence replied: "No, sir, I do not! I am not very well up in medical matters!"

H.E. promptly retorted: "By kissing a grass-widow!"

"Really, sir!" said the abashed vendor. "But you can rely upon me not to breathe a word to her Ex.!"



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The lovely Hill Sprite, who happened to be the companion of the moment of the former owner of the animal, turned the same colour as her hair—a beautiful platinum.

Nemesis

NOT very long after this incident, H.E. was due to make an important speech at a banquet given by an august local body, and being really a very kind-hearted and helpful person, he volunteered to give the seller of that horse, who happened also to be one of those who are told off to hang upon the lightest whispers of Excellencies

and see to it that they are duly recorded in the public Press, an advance copy of his oration. Nay, H.E. did even more than this: he suggested that they should run over it together before it was transmitted.

"I think," said his Excellency, "I should stick in 'loud applause' here, and you could say 'cheers and prolonged laughter' there, and 'A Voice: that's the stuff to give the perishes!' there; it will add emphasis and ginger, don't you think?"

To hear was to obey, and so, when finally settled, off went the script to the talented editor, working in the heat and mosquitoes of one of the cities of the plain.

The editor was so intensely delighted at getting this early "copy" and also at his correspondent's enterprise, that he slammed it into his paper with the utmost speed. The trouble was, however, that the editor was a bit too quick, and his paper, with the speech and all the illuminating interpolations, arrived in that Hill Capua just before lunch on the day of the function, and H.E. was not due to deliver it till about 10 p.m. that night. In the end his Excellency altered the whole thing, and in the course of the revised version made a rather pointed reference to the dangers of hay fever and grass widows. His Excellency had a quiet humour all his own. The moment was a terrible one for the chap who sold him that horse.



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Technical Training Regiment, R.A.

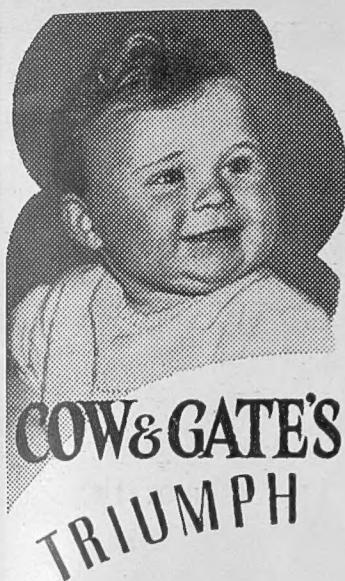
(Front row, sitting) Major T. H. Solomon, R.E., Captains G. E. A. Baines, F. E. Wilshire, H. W. A. Thompson, Major A. Lardner-Clarke, Lt.-Col. C. S. Fisher, M.C. (O.C.), Captain J. F. Barge, Majors L. G. S. Bolland, M.C., L. C. Wright, Captain and Q.M. C. Crabtree. (Centre) Sec. Lt. R. V. P. Adams, Capt. T. A. C. Bevan, Lt. T. A. McInnes, R.A.M.C., Capt. J. C. Paton, E. L. Saunders, C.F., R. C. Innes-Winstanley, G. S. Rolph, M.C., Sec. Lts. the Hon. A. J. P. Acland-Hood, J. G. Fyfe, R. A. J. Dane, Captain H. Levy. (Back row) Lt. K. G. Rotter, R.A.M.C., Sec. Lts. D. Baker, J. A. Trentham, R. E. Baird, J. F. Armstrong, R. A. Inglis, J. A. A. R. Frost, D. I. Featherston, B. G. Walker, H. F. C. Joy

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